

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, MARCH 19.

Old and New School Theology.

We have more than once expressed our dislike of the *New School Divinity* as it is termed, as held by a portion of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of the present day. This divinity originated from a misunderstanding, or, what is more likely, an unwillingness to acknowledge the doctrine of Sovereign grace and a desire to bring out something in the place of Arminianism. It may be well enough occasionally to take a look at the progress of these two schools, or rather at the *New School*, for the Old one remains where it was in the days of the Pilgrims, and proclaims the same doctrines which they and Whitefield preached.—The following paragraphs first met our eye in the *Calendar* of this city, where they were copied no doubt, for the purpose of showing that there are no safely out of the Church. The first is from the *New England Puritan*, of Boston.

Ministers and delegates from several churches in Western New York, met in Convention, at Syracuse, Jan. 12, "to consider the propriety of some ratification, &c., to promote the principles of vital godliness, and spread the principles of Christian Church freedom." There were present eight ministers and sixteen other brethren. A paper was adopted, setting forth the views of the Convention upon doctrines and Church polity. We have no acquaintance with any of the brethren concerned in this movement, and no information of the character and design of the Convention, except what we gather from their records, which they request us to publish. From these it appears that the Convention distinctly repudiate the doctrines of the Assembly's Catechism and Confession of Faith, and declare their unwillingness to receive it, even "for substance of doctrine." From this fact our readers will judge of their design; and the brethren must excuse us from publishing their minutes, containing, as they do, a labored attack upon standards of faith held by ourselves and our patrons in high estimation. A Convention based on a rejection of the distinguishing doctrines of our Puritan fathers, will find little sympathy among the Orthodox Congregational churches in New England. We love the Congregational system much, but we love sound doctrine more.

The Christian World and other Unitarian papers hail this as indicative of an approximation to Unitarianism. The Christian Inquirer, the organ of the Unitarians of New York, uses the following language in reference to it:

Who can fail to see that the brightest and noblest minds in the ranks of orthodoxy, are fairly acting to do our work and adopt our principles; and if there were no such popular bugbear as Unitarianism, that they would, under their own name, promote the triumph of our cause? Indeed, we consider such men as Bushnell, and Bacon, and Porter, and Park, and Barnes, and Tappan, to be doing more for liberal Christianity, than any men in the country; not because they are as heartily and wholly in its friends, but because they possess the confidence and ear of those whom its open advocates cannot reach. We are sometimes disposed to think that in the end the ostensible lead in theological reform will be assumed by such men; and that those minds which had really set to ball in motion, will have their due credit only in the estimation of Providence. It is a small matter that our opinions should prevail under their present name.

To the disciple of Christ, who has learned from experience and revelation, that "there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus, new measures and new doctrines have no charms, and when he sees error creeping into the church, no matter in how fascinating a form, with the direction of the Lord to the prophet Jeremiah he is ready to exclaim, "Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask FOR THE OLD PATHS, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

How humiliating is it, to read such a remark as that quoted from the Unitarian Inquirer; the most talented and popular men in the ranks of the new school theology, are there represented as "going more for liberal (Unitarian) Christianity, than any men in the country." Had these men preached the same doctrine that Jesus Christ and his apostles preached, they never would have received this equivocal compliment. "No man can come unto me—says the Saviour—except the Father which sent me draw him."—"Of your own selves ye can do nothing."—"Whom he did forgive—says St. Paul—then did he also predestinate." According as he hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." Every ungenerous heart will reject this doctrine, but it is the plain declaration of Jehovah notwithstanding, and it is the duty of his ministers to proclaim it, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear. The generation of preachers that are now rapidly passing on the stage, understand and proclaim this doctrine, and it accomplished the purpose whereunto it was sent. Let the men upon whom their mantles have fallen, imitate them and all will be well.

The Peace of Europe.

The London Spectator of Jan. 9, contains an article, which we find copied into Littell's Living Age, headed "The Coming War in Europe;" in which the writer seems to think that a general war may pervade Europe before the close of the present year. He says: "The year opens with general presentations of war in Europe; and for all our predictions in favor of peace, we cannot deny that the balance of probabilities is against its continuing much longer. Some of our readers may have heard, and some may smile to be told, that England's patient obstinacy in maintaining peace has been calculated by men deeply versed in the science and practical application of numbers, to last only till the year 1847."

In England and France, says the writer, power has learned to accept public opinion as arbiter on disputed points; the proper function of war, therefore, is superseded in that region, so long as public opinion retains its due supremacy; and a return to the ruder process would be most criminally folly. But Russia, the empire which subsists on the most rude and naked basis of main force, is the grand depository of warlike menaces; and the advance of her encroachment has now reached such a point that the next step seems certain to involve Europe in a war of resistance. The same unchecked progress which has brought Russia to that point must have taught her commanders a fatally delusive lesson of impunity. Every step has been successful. Province after province has had the Russian mark placed upon it, and has been seized, with an advance as steady and as undisputed as that of the backwoodsman with his axe into the forest. The Russian boundary has been pushed not only to Persia, but within Persia; and Persia herself is under-

going the double process of being enclosed by Russia and being Russified internally.

The writer then goes on to show that Russia, hitherto successful in her conquests, will go on in her extension of empire by conquest; but she has approached the crisis of her doom, and the next step is pregnant with a new train of consequences. She has advanced as far as she can possibly go, another step and the powers of Europe are in arms.

A strong impression prevails in London, says the writer, that Russia is about to pounce upon Austria. Austria is weak on every side; her walls have a practicable breach at every point of the compass. When Russia seizes the Christian provinces of Turkey, the aggression will be upon Vienna rather than upon the Porte. All Germany is indignant with the once supreme Austria for the Cracow blunder. Switzerland, weak and small, is tempting Austria into suicidal projects of intervention, if not of partition. Switzerland is a *principality*, and touching that Austria will have more to contend with than Swiss; but what does Austria know about principles? In Italy, Austria is threatened with multiplied dangers. The peace of Italy is a tenant at will, with many landlords. Liberalism never raised its head so high, nor behaved with so wise a discretion. The accession of Pius the IX. began a new volume of her unwritten history. The native princes are said to contemplate a league against alien domination—a federal consolidation of Italy in order to her independence. Austria will then pour in armies. The great central railroad into Italy, already sanctioned by the Pope and native princes, is another source of jealousy to Austria, both commercially and politically, and she will probably resist; but English capital is not apt to be balked of its legitimately sanctioned investment. There is growing in this region a clear identity of native sovereign rights, of popular rights of French and English interests. But on the threshold stands inevitable war.

Russia can crush Austria. Austria is not worth saving as she is, and no one would take the trouble. But Russia cannot be suffered to absorb into her rude morass a constituent and recognized part of Europe—to swallow up a living state: the advance of Russia on Europe, therefore, would provoke a war of Europe on Russia. Such a war is not to be avoided at the will and pleasure of the European states; war depends, usually, on the ruder and therefore most quarrelsome state—it depends here upon Russia; Russia, however, is not likely to see the consequences. Such a war would probably involve the unsettlement of the whole Russian and European system, and were the opportunity duly improved, would leave Europe in a better state; it would be the healthful storm, which, while it destroys, purifies and so vivifies.

Such is the substance of, though not the entire art of the Spectator. What the result of this discord may be, time alone must determine. Perhaps, like distant thunder, it may die away without the threatened storm; but if the storm should come, it would be assuredly out, it will in all probability be the most general and most bloody one that ever afflicted Europe. But in case of such an event, one thing is quite certain, the cause of civil liberty, and consequently the cause of evangelical religion, will be promoted, if not allowed full sway, in the despotic states of Europe.

Greece.
Dr. Baird, in a letter to the New York Evangelist, speaks of the success of the missions in Greece in more flattering terms than many previous accounts had warranted the public in this country, in indulging. The Greeks are ardently attached to the doctrines and forms of their Church; and attachment which long ages of persecution has wrought in the innermost circles of their hearts. It is like the attachment which the Spaniards and Irish feel for the Roman Catholic faith. Their bigotry and their inward attachment to the religion of their fathers is far more invincible than that of the Armenians and Nestorians; and it will require many and long continued efforts to make the truth prevail among them. Because the same success, so far as conversions are concerned, has not crowned the missionary efforts which have been made in Greece, which has been seen in some other fields, they come to the conclusion that nothing has been accomplished, and grow weary. This is all wrong. Much has indeed been accomplished, more than any one who knows the true state of the field, would have dared to hope for twenty-five years ago.

The missionaries at present in Greece, are Rev. Dr. King, of the American Board, Rev. Mr. Hill, of the Protestant Episcopal Board, Revs. Mr. Buel and Arnold of the American Baptist Board, and the Rev. Mr. Hilder of the English Church Missionary Society, with the ladies connected with them. Dr. King's present wife is a Greek lady who has never left the Greek church, and to this circumstance Dr. Baird attributes the safety of the life of Dr. King, when it was threatened last summer.

In reply to the question whether the missions in Greece have been a failure, he says:

1. The number of conversions is said to be very small. This is probably true, up to this time. And yet I apprehend that there is a want of that perfect information which we need, before we can come to a very definite opinion on this point. As the missionaries have never attempted to form churches, and cannot do so until more religious freedom prevails in this land, neither they nor any one else can say how many have been brought to the saving knowledge of the gospel, of the thousands whom they have directly or indirectly reached. God only knows this.

2. It cannot be said that many thousands of children and youth have been taught in the mission schools, and there learned a great deal of the sacred Scriptures, without receiving benefit. Sooner or later there will be a harvest from so much seed scattered abroad.

3. Then consider what has been done to circulate the word of God, and other good books. From inquiry, I learn that it is probable that nearly if not quite two hundred sound evangelical books and tracts have been published in Modern Greek, by these various missions. The Rev. Mr. Buel, the excellent Baptist missionary who, with his wife and Miss Waldo, are laboring at the Parnassus, (and, blessed be God, not without encouragement) told me the other day, that his Sunday school library contains 100 of these works. It is probable that the tracts and children's books constitute one half of the whole number. But the other hundred embraces books from the *Dairymen's Daughter* up to *Wilberforce's View, Butler's Analogy, Wayland's Elements of Moral Science*, and works of similar size. These books are becoming scattered over all Greece and among the Greeks who live in other countries. Is all this to be esteemed nothing? Depend upon

it, there is sin in our doubts and unbelief. We have too many Christians among us who love the *easy place* in every thing. The up-hill part of the field has no attractions for them. They have sight, but little faith. I am of opinion that the missions in Greece have been reduced more than they ought to have been. Success will come, if we labor and pray in faith, as we should.

"But there has been great opposition from the Gnostics to these efforts, and their opposition is increasing." Certainly there has been; and he must be very simple indeed, who, knowing anything about Greece, could have expected that there would be no opposition. But God can render the truth triumphant over all opposition. And when will the time come when the gospel can be spread in any country that is destitute of it, without encountering opposition?

Delegates to the Missionary Union.

We have strong apprehensions that but few of our brethren from this part of the country will be present at the next meeting of the Missionary Union in Cincinnati. Indeed we have not found a single brother, minister or layman, who says that he can go; and we have had opportunity of conversing with quite a number. What is the difficulty?

"We reply frankly, the expense. It will cost from \$40 to \$50 at least, to go thither and return, even if much economy is practised, and the individual do not diverge from the direct route.

Now we propose this inquiry to the churches. Is it not their duty, in cases where they are able, to furnish the means of sending their pastors to the meeting of the Union? What would be a severe tax upon one person, will not seriously affect a hundred, two hundred or three hundred persons?"

Or that the Albany Spectator comments as follows:

"Behold the gathered crowd, from pit to gallery, even to the third tier. Examine the various spectators from the seemingly virtuous to the openly abandoned, assembled for one common object—

"Now the brilliant, dazzling, fascinating scene; the witchery of the hour; the damask, and purple, and embroidered finery; the breathless, suspended excitement of the throng; the moving, lifting curtain; the stage, people with actors, in richly attired attire; and chief among them, one who in another place and attire, might be called, a beautiful, delicate female. None would know her now; for she has transformed herself into the proud, fiendish, heaven-denying, fallen Lucifer; and then she stands, in the centre of her pandemonium, Satan of the hour! Look at her, mark her, even through her disguises, that you may know her, when next she claims your gaze. Hark to the wild, and incoherent shouts that her presence, increased according to the perfection of her demon-like performances. Her fearful acting is over—and the last peal of applause has followed her retreating form, and died with the midnight hour away. You may trace her to rest, and paint her dreamless reveries.

"Peaceful and holy dawns the Sabbath morn—

"Upward on his glorious track rises the Sabbath sun;

"Sweetly sound the welcome of Sabbath bells—

"come to the sanctuary, bow and adore!"

"Blessed music that calls men to the altar of God. Thousands hear it, and obedient to its invitation, crowd the sacred aisles, and bend in devotion. The minister of the altar appears, and ascends the consecrated desk. Humble in bearing, he attracts but little attention. A female form enters, and glides up the stair way. All eyes are directed towards her. Along the galleries are ranged young men, attracted there by the present passerin. They cast glances of admiration after her, as she moves in queenly majesty to her place, as female leader of the songs of heaven. Nods, and expressions of delight pass through the crowd. She is the deity human—she who comes to worship. The services commence. She swells the strain that angels would faint at—

"Woe sleep thy thunderbolts, O Jehovah! where thy lightning's? We are dumb before thee; we cover ourselves with sackcloth and ashes;—we dare not look up! Have mercy upon us, O Lord; and purify and save thy church, while thy wrath is kindled but a little."

And this is the notice which appeared in the Tribune a few weeks since, and which has been copied into several other papers. Many have doubted whether the notice could be authentic, as it has not appeared in the Evangelist; but we learn from a source entitled to credit, that it is even so.

The notice commands the attention of the thousands, and whose pen guided the thoughts and controlled the sentiments of tens of thousands, whose activity and energy and skill were relied on in a peculiar manner to guide our branch of the church through one of the most perilous trials that ever befel her—the man to whom hundreds looked as their spiritual father, and whose aid was sought by our most judicious pastors in seasons of

revival—the man who knew how to defend New School theology, without favoring Pelagianism, and how to advocate the cause of temperance, moral reform and anti-slavery, without favoring radicalism, schisms and revolution—whose course, for a season, was advised by all consistent reformers, and all enlightened, steadfast, zealous Christians—the man, who seemed destined to be a burning and a shining light in the church, has gone down to the grave in early manhood, and this is all the notice we have of his exit!

The paper which he once

conducted with so much talent, does not even record his death—and we are indebted to a secular paper for all the notice that has yet appeared of one whom so many once delighted to honor. Far away from his home and his friends, dependent on the charity of strangers for a temporary home in the "Medical Infirmary"—he died and was buried as an unknown and friendless stranger, and the first notice which his own brother received of the sad event, was the above cited article in the Tribune.

The wicked may triumph over the fall of such a man, and point the finger of scorn at the church which nourished him in her bosom—and at all schemes of philanthropy and benevolence of which he was once so distinguished an advocate; but it is much more manly, as well as Christ-like, to sit down and weep over this poor wreck of humanity, and pray for grace to keep us from falling, as he did.

It will be some relief to the anguish which has taken hold of many a stricken heart, to know that he was visited in his last sickness by a minister of the gospel, to whom he made a free confession of his wandering, and from whom he sought direction and counsel in the hour of his dreadful extremity.

The Rev. Mr. Hoge, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Richmond, writes, that being called to

serve a stranger in the Infirmary, he was struck at once with his aspect of intelligence and gentle deportment. He commenced instructing him in the elementary principles of religion, but soon per-

ceived that the stranger knew the whole of it, and

confessed not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh (as God, of course, for "God was manifest or did come in the flesh,") is not of God; and this is that spirit of anti-christ whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now is it already in the world?"

The apostle John unquestionably alluded to the Gnostics and the Ebionites, when he said, "this anti-christ is even now already in the world," for they precisely answer the character and the time of those against whom he warned the church. The Gnostics denied both the proper humanity and divinity of Christ, and affirmed that he died only in appearance. Hence they rejected the gospel fact that Christ "came in the flesh." They professed extraordinary knowledge and skill in divine things, but it was *profession only*, for their teachers were blind guides; and as a mass they were extremely ignorant and superstitious, "boasters of themselves," and more or less corrupt in life, as often as with extrava-

gant pretenders. The Ebionites rejected the divinity of Christ, regarding him a mere man. The name of this class of early opposers of Christ's real dignity, signifies poverty. They are reported by the early fathers as being poor in the things of this world, and as having mean, low, narrow contracted views of the great and glorious God and Saviour Jesus Christ. They "denied the Father and the Son."

"Miss Mary Taylor is engaged as singer at St. Peter's Church in New York. On Saturday the 13th of February, she presented the character of the Devil in the *Bawdry Theatre*, THE VERY VESTIBULE OF HELL, on Sunday, the 14th, sang sacred music at St. Peter's, a house dedicated to the worship of God.

"I heard from those who attended church on the 14th, that the galleries were filled with young men, congregated to hear her sing."

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And in the fourth century, so great a laxity of moral principles was manifested by all Christians, with few exceptions, that it became a matter of but little concern what a man believed respecting Christ, if he but nominally adhered to Christianity. At this time Arius arose as a bold and persevering advocate of the pernicious sentiments of his infidel predecessors, only differing somewhat as to more easily entice unwary souls and beguile the unstable. He maintained that Christ was, in every respect, distinct and separate from the Father, and inferior to him; and that he was the no-bless of God's created intelligences; and that the Holy Ghost was not God, but was created by Christ. A created man, or any other mere creature, make a superhuman Spirit!

How glaring the absurdity! But Arius was no more absurd than they are who now advocate the same sentiment, a little modified to suit the present age of light and truth. Arius was not alone in pronouncing this human invention, for

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

Poetry.

Three words of Strength.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words—as with a burning pen,
In traces of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hide her face so soon,
Put then the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy path is driven—
In calm's disport, in tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth—

Have Love. Not love alone for one—
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
Light, when thou elsewert blind.

The Star and the Child.

A maiden walked at eventide
Beside a clear and placid stream,
And smiled, as in its depth she saw
A trembling star's reflected beam.

She smiled until the beam was lost,
As 'cross the sky a cloud was driven;
And then she sighed, and then forgot
The star was shining still in heaven.

A mother sat beside life's stream,
Watching a dying child at dawn,
And smiled, as in its eye she saw
A hope that it might still live on.

She smiled until the eyelids closed,
But watched for breath until the even;
And then she wept, and then forgot
The child was living still in heaven.

—Tribune.

Religious & Moral.

Roger Williams and Religious Freedom.

Judge Durfee, in his discourse before the Rhode Island Historical Society, bestows the annexed tribute upon Roger Williams as an espouser of civil and soul liberty.—So emphatic a testimony, from so respectable a source, is a gratifying as it is doubtful a just award.

Among the earliest if not the very earliest of these, was Roger Williams, the Founder of this State. He had sought New England (A. D. 1631) in the expectation that he might here enjoy that religious liberty which was denied him in the mother country. He was a minister of the gospel. He at first preached in Plymouth, and afterwards became a minister of the church at Salem. He freely expressed his opinion on various subjects. He affirmed that the King's patent could not of itself, give a just title to the lands of the Indians. He maintained that the civil magistrate had no right to interfere in matters of conscience, and to punish for heresy or apostasy. He contended that the people were the origin of all free power in government, but they were not invested by Christ Jesus with power to rule in his Church!—that they could give no such power to the magistrate, and that to introduce the civil sword into this spiritual kingdom, was to confound heaven and earth, and lay all upon heaps of confusion. In effect, he called upon the church to come out from the magistracy, and the magistrate to come out from the church; and demanded that each should act within its appropriate means. It was then, for the first time, that the startling thought of a complete separation of Church and State was uttered on these Western shores; and it was then also for the first time, that the individual mind, free in the sovereign attributes of reason, stood forth before the Massachusetts authorities, and boldly claimed its emancipation in the realization of its own true idea of government.

Such a mind was manifestly too large for the sphere of a Church and State combination. It had already broken from its bondage, and now stood out, independent, individual, and alone. Roger Williams was necessarily banished by the Massachusetts authorities. He was sentenced to depart from their jurisdiction within six weeks.—But he went about to draw others to his opinion, and he proposed to erect a plantation about the Narragansett bay. The rumor of this reached the ears of the magistracy; and to defeat his intent, which had for them a most alarming significance, they proposed to send him to England by a ship then lying in the harbor of Boston.—He eluded their quest, plunged into the forest wilderness, and after spending the winter among its savage but hospitable inhabitants, attempted to form a plantation at Seekonk; but defeated in this, came at last into the valley of the Mooshausic, and here, with a small number of associates of like aspirations, realized that idea of government in its first form, which had so long captivated, but still evaded, the pursuit of nations and men.

We have thus traced this idea of government, from the first indistinct expressions of itself in the doctrines of the Waldenses, through the struggles of that revolution known as the Protestant Reformation;—we have next noticed the imperfect realization of itself in the Church and State government of Europe; we have then seen it cross the Atlantic in the form of small religious associations, to be again reproduced, imperfectly, in a combination of ecclesiastical and civil institutions; but we have now seen it, impersonated in the individual man, breaking from these restraints, and going forth into the wilderness, there to establish itself in an infant community, as the last result of centuries of effort.

We start, then, with this important fact, roared, from the crown of his head to the

soles of his feet. He was found in a blacksmith's shop, just across from where he had been. The owner, all of a sudden, discovered an extensive light in his shop, as though the whole building was in one general flame. He ran with the greatest precipitancy, and on throwing open the door, discovered a man standing erect in the midst of a widely-extended silver-colored flame, bearing, as he described it, exactly the appearance of the wick of a burning candle in its own flame. He seized him (the dranckard) by the shoulders and jerked him to the door, upon which the blaze was instantly extinguished. There was no fire in the shop, neither was there any possibility of any fire having been communicated to him from any external source. It was purely a case of spontaneous ignition. A general sloughing soon came on, and his flesh was consumed or removed in the dressing, leaving the bones, and a few of the larger blood-vessels; the blood, nevertheless, rallied round the heart, and maintained the vital spark until the thirteenth day, when he died, not only the most loathsome, ill-featured, and dreadful picture that ever was presented to human view, but his shrieks, his groans, and his lamentations, also, were enough to rend a heart of adamant. He complained of no pain of body; his flesh was gone. He said he was suffering the torments of hell; that he was just upon the threshold, and should soon enter its dismal caverns; and in this frame of mind he gave up the ghost.

It is the suggestion of philosophy, according to some, that any ideas that ever get into a man's mind, become, as it were, a part of it; and he will never lose them. What a thing it is, to think that there are minds in hell that will carry with them throughout all eternity a complete, accurate knowledge of the system of mercy and the way of redemption; that there are immortal spirits there, that have in them all the ideas necessary to a full, correct comprehension of the way of salvation—that there are minds in hell, that have far more knowledge of the word of God and the way of mercy, and far more accurate acquaintance with the whole theory of theology, than what served numbers in getting to heaven; that there are minds that have got to heaven with less knowledge than what many carry with them to hell! Now do not let that startle you. I think the ideas necessary for a man to get to heaven are very few and simple—a knowledge of his danger, a knowledge of the Redeemer. And many a learned man—and many a man with the learning of folios in his memory, and with an accurate knowledge of all the principles and all the doctrines of the Gospel, yet because his heart has not been touched and his mind has not been given to Christ, all his knowledge will not avail him; he will go to hell!—he will go to hell, and his knowledge will go with him throughout all eternity. But it is a fearful thing that a human spirit should be thus suffering under the condemnation of impenitence, guilt, disobedience, and yet within it, in the mind and memory, the knowledge of the way by which it might have been saved.

Saturday Evening.

What a delightful time to the Christian is Saturday evening; the toils of another week are over; the delights of another Sabbath are about to commence, and as he meets with the family at the evening meal, a happy quiet seems about him. Sadness for his own sins must needs stand upon him, however, as he reflects on the past time; sins of commission and sins of omission come rushing upon his memory, and he feels, from his very heart, that to enjoy the day the Lord hath made, he has yet something to do; the duties of the week are not quite done; a calm but holy sorrow comes over him, and he feels his unworthiness and ingratitude, and that he needs to be purified before he is prepared to appear in the house of God. And how can this be done? Will he hurry to the festive board, and make merry with a few friends, striving to drown in pleasure the remembrance of his transgressions, comforting himself that the morrow is the day to repeat? or will he rush to the concert room with the gay, and fill his heart with the last new song or some fashionable air? No, my friends, no; the true Christian will never do this; let those who have passed spotless through the last six days, and need no cleansing, let those frequent these scenes; our penitent betakes himself to his closet, and there, on his knees before God, he prays that he may be washed in the blood of the Lamb, that his inquiries may be blotted out, and that on the morrow he may present himself pure and holy at the shrine of God. Then, when the Sabbath dawns, instead of awaking with a thousand fancies floating through his brain, he rises with a calm and heavenly peace; and overflowing with love, he lies to the sanctuary, prays God to renew his heart and put a right spirit within him. Having thus prepared himself for the holy day, and remembered it as God commanded, he cheerfully goes to his labors at the commencement of another week, feeling with him that he is upheld and blessed by his Father in heaven.—*Chr. Witness.*

Purity.

I would have you attend to the full significance and extent of the term HOLY. It is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy alone—it is not a mere recoil from impurity in thought; it is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the very conception of evil is offensive; it is a virtue which has its residence within, which takes guardianship of the heart, as of a citadel or inviolated sanctuary, in which no wrong or worthless imagination is permitted to dwell. It is not purity of action that we contend for, it is exalted purity of heart—the ethereal purity of the third heaven; and if it is at once settled in the heart, it brings the peace, the triumph, and the untroubled serenity of heaven along with it. I had almost said the pride, of a great moral victory over the infirmities of an earthly and carnal nature; there is a health and a harmony in the soul—a beauty which though it effloresces in the countenance, and the outward path, is itself so thoroughly internal, as to make purity of heart the most distinctive evidence of a work of grace in time—the most distinctive guidance of a character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.—*Thomas Chalmers, D. D.*

A Drunkard on Fire.

Dr. Nott, in his lectures, gives the following account of a young man, about 25 years of age:—

"He had been a habitual drunkard for many years. I saw him about 9 o'clock in the evening on which it happened; he was then, as usual, not drunk, but full of liquor; about 11 o'clock the same evening I was called to see him. I found him literally

specimen of the old school of Virginia gentlemen—generous, hospitable, and devoted to his country, which he did not hesitate to serve to the uttermost of his ability, through a long life, and his career was highly honorable, useful, and worthy of admiration.

The administration of Mr. Monroe was evidently prosperous and advantageous to the nation. At no period in our history has our spirit been so much subdued, and the attention of the national legislature more exclusively devoted to objects of public benefit.

Though, in course of his public life, Mr. Monroe had received from the public treasury, for his services, \$358,000, he retired from office, deeply in debt. He was, however, relieved at last by the adjustment, by Congress, of his claims, founded chiefly on the disbursements made for the war.

Mexican Races.

The population of the Mexican Republic and its mixed character having attracted much remark, we have been induced to make out the following statement of them and of the names by which they are known:

1. Europeans or persons of pure Spanish blood, not natives of Mexico, powerless now in a political point of view, but wealthy, though of small number. Under the Spanish Government, anterior to the revolution, they engrossed civil and military offices, and generally the high dignities of the church.

2. Criollos, or Creoles: persons of unadulterated white blood. During the revolution, these and the first class were known as Guachupinos, and generally opposing the revolution, were called *Realists* or Royalists.

3. Mestizos, or half-bloods, the descendants of the white and the aboriginal races; this class comprises the great mass of the population of Mexico.

4. The native unmixed Indian, now rapidly being amalgamated with the others, yet still powerful in a numerical point of view.

5. Mulattoes, as with us, the descendants of whites and Africans.

6. Africans and persons of unmixed African blood.

7. Zambos, the descendants of Indian and African parents.

Besides, there are numerous descendants of emigrants from the Canary Islands with a great admixture of Moorish, not African blood, *Gitanos*, or Gypsies, and it is said that on the Pacific coast, near Acapulco, a large proportion of the population have a great admixture of Malay and Chinese blood. There are said to be 30,000 persons specially devoted to religion, including nuns, the great mass of whom are collected in the capital and the valley originally known as Mexico.

The city of Mexico, with a population of 150,000 contains 30,000 *leperos*, a class corresponding exactly with the *lezzarri* of Naples.—*Phil. U. S. Gazette.*

A Plea for Mercy.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.—Ps. 143: 2.

They who bring the whole of their conduct, their deeds, and their words, the glances of their eye, all the inward workings of their affections, and examine them by the pure and strait rule of Divine law, so as to perceive how many and how great errors attend every most cautious day; and they who feel how wavering and weak their faith is, how luke-warm, at least, if not how cold, their piety and charity, how ardent their love of this world still continues, how untaught the flesh, how unguarded the senses, how unbridled the affections, how attentive their hearts to trifles, while in prayer so light and so wandering, they say, who perceive and reflect on this, with what poignant grief, with what overwhelming shame, must they be seized, and how earnestly and how justly will they cry out, 'If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, who could stand?'—*Leighton.*

James Madison.

Mr. Madison was of small stature and rather portly. He had a calm expression, penetrating blue eyes, and was slow and grave in his speech. At the close of his presidency, he seemed to be care-worn, with an appearance of more advanced age than was the fact. He was bold on the crown of his head, always wore his hair powdered, and generally dressed in black.

His manner was modest and retiring, but in conversation he was pleasing and instructive, having a mind well stored with the treasures of learning, and being particularly familiar with the political world.—On his accession to the presidency, he restored the custom of levees at the presidential mansion, which had been abolished by Mr. Jefferson. It was on the occasion of these levees, that his accomplished lady, by her polite and attractive attentions and manners, shone with peculiar lustre. Mr. Madison was fond of society, although he had travelled but little, never having visited foreign countries, or seen much of the people and country over which he presided.

The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one bundle in her hand.—No one had bought of her the whole day—no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing! she was hungry and benumbed with cold, and looked so downcast! The snow-flakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily round her neck, but she did not

feel the cold. The snow-flakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily round her neck, but she did not

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